M I C K E Y

Dream BY THE LAKE

In your world, where all is, is you.

Go count the stars in your dreams, that are reflecting in a lake you sleep by, in the green grass, the smell of flowers, and a fish that talk ~

The fish that talk about how your life is beautiful, how strong you are, how bold you are!

There also is an old tree, the tree; it’s so original and so majestic that even the most talented cannot copy its beautiful crown.

It was there when light for the first time came through your eye, it was there when you saw the stars in the big dark sky.

I think it’s calling you; you should go and take a look.

It keeps all the power of its majestic strength and an owl that hides within.

An owl with the knowledge of none other.

The owl that sees it all, the owl that sees how hard you try, the owl that sees the path you walk on, the owl that sees all the pain you've been through, the owl that always was by you; he sees it all and will stay until the end shall come by.

And the owl shall be your wisdom, your wisdom sheltered by a tree that shall be your body, your body by the lake that shall be a reflection of your life, that reflection living within the fish that swim in it, who shall be the people you met throughout your life, and the stars shall be all the good things that shine although the night is dark.

And we can't forget about the moon, the moon that brings light to the dark night, the moon that dances with the stars, the moon that guides you through the fog of the darkness, the moon that has always shone just for you – your own moon, the moon of your unbeatable mind ~

That got you through even the most puzzling fog, the fog of stress and fear of the unknown dark.

Even though the fog shall rise – the owl who sees it all, the tree that gives strength and shelter, the lake that keeps the memories of those you met going by, and the moon that shines through the clouds of thunder – it got you here, even though you might never have expected it, not even in your wildest dreams of hoping for a peaceful bright sky.

So you shall stay strong, unbeatable by a mere fog, bold like the stars in the infinite universe—so the moon can dance with more than just your stars, the tree whose strength shall help people going by your path, and the owl, whose wisdom shall teach others how to beat a mere fog and say goodbye.

The fog shall disappear and never come back to say hi.

Fin

The End

Shall the fog never again rise.